

akin lang

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akin lang

It was supposed to have been a celebration.

The President of the United States had given each of them gifts—ruby encrusted rings of yellow gold, each engraved with their respective emblems. Diana thought the gaudy rings looked rather like the professional sporting championship jewelry she had seen being worn at high-level social events by sports heroes. However, instead of sports symbols, hers bore an eagle. Bruce's bore his bat. Kal's bore the universally recognizable inverted triangle surrounding a stylized "S."

Almost everyone believed the symbol was simply the first initial of a name given to him by his deceased wife decades earlier, back when she had been a crusading reporter for The Daily Planet and Kal had been a mystery for her to solve. The triangled "S" was actually the patriarchal crest of a family long dead, killed forty-three years earlier along with a planet thousands of light-years distant. The planet had been "Krypton." His family name was "El." The crest was actually a symbol of hope. This world knew Kal-El as "Superman."

The "Freedom Rings", as the President had so tritely dubbed them, were their reward for the capture of a man the mortals called Osama Bin Laden. A former terrorist turned fugitive, the aged and critically ill man had managed to elude the highly trained and technologically superior armed forces of the empirical United States for almost four years past September 11, 2001. The ceremony was just another excuse for the politicians to grand stand with the three most well-known heroes their Earth had known. Bruce thought the same, but then Bruce suspected everyone's motives.

The surprise reaction had come from Kal. Superman seldom said anything bad about anyone, even during his and her private conversations in the calm of space outside the Justice League's

orbiting satellite. But, during a chat only the day before, his tone, and the impatient way he'd flicked his wrist while flinging space rocks like marbles to explode against passing asteroids, told her he was more than a little frustrated. Having to participate in yet another ceremony designed to make a President more popular in the American polls was irritating even to The Man of Steel.

Yet, despite his inner distaste, Kal insisted they participate. Adopted as an infant and raised by salt-of-the-Earth farmers after his space ship's fiery crash into the heart of the young country, "Truth, Justice, and The American Way" had been his slogan for decades. Even though the Amazons had all but adopted the United States of America as a project, she always blanched at "The American Way" part. "The Justice League of America" had long since dropped the "...of America" descriptor, wisely choosing to be heroes of the world as "The Justice League."

Yet, Kal always remained true to the land he called home, regardless of the obvious fact that the U.S.A. wasn't always representative of a global perspective. Diana feared that, this time, his naïve disregard of his gut in favor of the politically correct might well cost them their lives.

As far as the current crisis was concerned, she highly doubted that the President knew the stone in Kal's ring wasn't ruby. As unscrupulous as she thought the man, deliberately turning the planet's most powerful being into a drunken juggernaut served no purpose. In all likelihood, someone the President considered an ally had offered the rings as a gift. The President had gladly accepted, with dreams of another public relations coup dancing in his eyes. Whomever the ring's original holder, he or she had likely planned for exactly what was happening, having easily played the U.S. President for a pawn.

They called the radioactive rock "red kryptonite." It was a fragment of Kal-El's obliterated planet. Unlike its green-colored cousin, this variety didn't make him weak or kill him; it just made him very ill-mannered and deadly. The moment Superman slipped the ring onto his finger and the brief tell-tale red pulse bulged through the veins in his hands, she regretted not having checked the ring as she'd planned. Thoughts of Cassandra's failure to act on her suspicions over the Trojan Horse came to mind. Diana hoped the results of her inaction wouldn't be similar. They'd blamed the fall of Troy on the women, too.

Once the gift's alcohol-like effects radiated through Kal's veins, and his unrestrained opinion of the President became known, she and Bruce had no choice but to join battle against the Kryptonian. Even though Diana's opinion secretly mirrored Superman's newfound candor, it wouldn't have been seemly to let him kill the most prominent leader of the free world on public television. Almost always at Kal's side, especially since the death of his wife several years past, she'd been the first to react. While Bruce took aggressive glee in knocking Secret Service agents out of harm's way, she tried talking Superman down.

He had simply grabbed the stylized golden eagle's wing that covered her left breast and swung her around like a dervish. Then, with a twist of his wrist that tore a quarter of her supposedly impervious uniform free, he'd sent her careening backward through the air for

almost a mile. By the time she'd straightened her tiara and returned, Bruce had managed to dodge out of Kal's reach long enough to activate the Justice League's emergency transmitter and was tugging the second of two glowing green gloves into place. Diana frowned at the need for kryptonite but couldn't argue the point.

In the distance, flying, running, or otherwise moving in low and fast, she saw their reinforcements coming. Bruce made it back to the Man of Steel just moments before her, throwing a spinning backfist that was technically perfect. The green kryptonite re-enforced glove smashed across Kal's nose, drawing blood rarely seen since the days of the monster Doomsday. Superman dropped the President long enough to turn on his black-cowled friend. He wiped the blood from his nose with the back of his hand and grinned like a drunken bar fighter.

The delay took just enough time to let her in and let her fist fly. He stopped it dead, three inches from his face. Leering, he grabbed the remaining golden eagle wing. He'd always been scrupulously careful when doing battle with women, and, to the best of her flawless memory, had never even torn a leotard. In the next instant, he twisted his wrist hard and down, laying her other breast bare and ripping most of the rest of her bodice away. With a throaty laugh as unlike him as his actions, he missed off in the direction of the incoming heroes, leaving her standing in shock like some topless mortal trollop.

Leaving most of her anger with the tattered shreds of her uniform top, she sped after him, saving just irritation enough to help her focus. She watched as Green Lantern and Supergirl split right while Power Woman split left. Captain Marvel, colloquially known as "The World's Mightiest Mortal," and most likely the nearest thing to an even match for Superman that existed, continued down the center. It was a basic flanking maneuver, one they'd all practiced together many times. Since one side was less than even, she moved that way to reinforce the left.

Unfortunately, and contrary to popular belief, none of them were truly invulnerable. Superman was well aware of each of their limits. Regardless of alien physiology, magical enhancement, telekinetic skill, enhanced technology, paranormal gifts, or superior training, even the strongest among them could be hurt, though some less easily than others. She knew they were in trouble when he blurred forward and then all but disappeared, moving into a speed zone beyond all but the Flash—who wasn't much help down on the ground. He slowed only long enough to punch through Lantern's glowing green shield and body slam him into senselessness.

After indulging in nearly every Earth male's longstanding dream of tearing Power Woman's controversial cleavage cutout apart and baring the largest pair of super-human breasts known, he snatched both super-women by their capes and cratered Central Park with their careening bodies. Then, to everyone's surprise, he turned and shot away from Captain Marvel, past Diana, and straight at the President. She should have guessed what he planned as soon as she realized he'd let them all see him turn. The United States' leader was dangling from his suit collar five stories from the park turf before either she or the Captain could act.

For the moment, Kal ignored her and smiled cruelly at Marvel. "You

know what to say, Billy."

Captain Marvel hovered forward and Kal-El relaxed his fingers.

As the President started to free fall, Superman moved to block both the Amazon Princess and the World's Mightiest Mortal from catching him. "The word is 'Shazam,' Billy."

Despite having Solomon's wisdom, Hercules' strength, Atlas' stamina, Zeus' power, Achilles' courage, and Mercury's speed, Captain Marvel was still only Billy Batson, an adolescent teenager given a super man's powers by an even wider pantheon of gods than Diana's. The burly hero hesitated for only a second, then spoke his magic word. "Shazam!"

A deafening thunderbolt split the air, bathing Captain Marvel in its magical glare, turning a superman nearly Kal-El's equal into a child. At that same instance, the Superman blurred. Billy Batson was unconscious before his eyes cleared, felled by a light thump on the head from the Kryptonian fist. Having accomplished his goal, Superman caught the President and set him safely on the ground, with only bruised buttocks and grass stained slacks as evidence of his indignity. The President, still stunned but thankful that Superman had opted against assassination for the moment, stood and brushed his rear.

The Man of Steel looked from the humiliated world leader to the topless Amazon and laughed for the cameras. It was then that Batman moved and, for all his humanity, was able to prove that even Superman was no exception to the vulnerability rule.

Arguably, the most tactically savvy of them all, Bruce had stayed smartly out of Kal's way for most of the fight, using everything from supersonics to high voltage to soften the Man of Steel up from a distance. He did more of the same while Wonder Woman dove, shoulder slamming the drunken Kryptonian away from the populated park. When finally forced into two-on-one combat at the base of the Statue of Liberty, The Caped Crusader used the gloves he'd hoped never to need with more skill and finesse than the other heroes combined. Unfortunately, Kal's alien blood only flowed for moments after each blow before his solar-charged cells regenerated.

Finally, Superman tired of the rare sensations of pain delivered by his friend and, after a split second's retreat, rendered Gotham City's Finest senseless at the New York Harbor's edge by leveling him with a sheared phone pole. Then, Kal-El turned his attention to the one remaining combatant.

Her name was Diana. She was the Princess of the hidden Amazon Island of Themyscira, daughter of Queen Hippolyte. The world of men called her Wonder Woman. It was not a name she preferred, but it was simple, and most humans needed things to be simple. Kal never called her Wonder Woman, at least not in private, but then Kal-El wasn't human. And he was anything but simple.

Wonder Woman shook the remaining stars from her vision and tried to take stock before he caught up with her. His last blow, a clawed swipe across her bare chest, had knocked her backward a city block or more. The bad part was, he'd pulled his punch. Struggling to stand, she glanced down at her bright red, white, blue and gold

uniformâ€colored so like hisâ€hanging beneath her clawed breasts in tatters. Under other circumstances she might have been concerned about her exposed flesh, particularly as she knew that the raging battle, highly-visible bouncing breasts and all, was being broadcast live into every household with a television or computer across the worldâ€and likely into others throughout the galaxy.

Though vanity wasn't typically an issue with the Amazon, there were many among the millions who watched the battles of the Justice League who would use such exposure against them. That was why most of the female heroes generally glued the tops of their suits into place. It was a lesson she'd learned after partially nude photographs of her, fresh from her first battle in Man's World, had decorated the tabloids for months. Door posters of the nearly topless Amazon had come out just weeks after Farrah Fawcett's famous red swimsuit began decorating walls.

But vanity was the least of her worries. She managed to push herself back to one foot, thanking Hera that her vision was clearing, when his body blocked the sun and he slowed into place above her like a god. She looked up at the being hovering over her, his arms crossed, looking down his nose at her as if she were a recalcitrant child. His red cape fluttered in the wind along with his spit curl. Despite all the carnage, he looked as if he'd simply been out for a springtime walk.

More disconcerting was the leer. Had his heat vision been active, her nipples would be sizzling. It was a look she'd never seen on him, and though she had regularly thought of the possibilities of a unionâ€often while tending to certain needs by herselfâ€this was not one of the scenarios she'd considered. He was the only male that had ever really made her feel desirous, but there had always been something that got in the way. Duty, Lois Lane, Lois' death, more dutyâ€|

She'd once briefly considered Captain Marvel, but she'd caught him peering at her breasts several times. She'd also seen one of the old posters behind the door to his quarters. Kal was the only being on the planet truly worthy of her.

"You know, Diana, they look even nicer without benefit of x-ray vision."

She tried to hide her unease at the same time as she crossed her arms over her hardened nipples. There was something markedly different about the adolescent drooling of Billy Batson and this man's gazeâ€something that stirred her despite the circumstances. But this wasn't the way she wanted him.

"Kal, this isn't you. It's the Kryptonite. You know that. Give me the rinâ€|"

One hand found her wrists, yanking them effortlessly above her head, the other her breast. Both closed like vices, snuffing out the rest of her words. "Maybe this is me, Diana. Maybe the rock just lets it all out. We spend our lives helping them, and they hate us for what we are. Me because I'm alien. You because you're a goddess on a planet that doesn't believe in gods. Maybe I'm just tired of the faÃ§ade."

He let go of her wrists, but she left them where they were. Kryptonian fingertips brushed an Amazonian nipple and then he drifted back away from her. "And, I do look, Diana. You are the Princess of the Amazons, after all." For the briefest of moments, his eyes became focused and sincere. Just as quickly, the leer returned. His chuckle was totally out of character. "I just hide it better than Billy."

She wondered, for a moment, if he read minds, too, then carefully started to stand. If sheer power couldn't win this battle, perhaps feminine wiles could. "You know you don't have to sneak, Kal. If there was ever a couple fated by the gods to be togetherâ€¦"

Unfortunately, she'd never been good with feminine wiles. She saw the air ripple in front of his eyes. A split second later, the wave of heat slammed into her. His heat vision washed around her in a hellish eddy, knocking her back to her knees. By the time the air stopped shimmering, steam was rising from her body. The powdered ash remains of what had been an impervious uniform fell like gray snow to grass newly brown and withered. Her body had protected her boots, and his gaze had only traveled from breast to crotch, leaving her golden tiara untouched. Aside from those two articles and the metallic magic lasso made from Gaea's girdle that she'd somehow managed to pull free from her belt, only air brushed her flesh.

She blinked, trying to control the shock of what had just happened. She hadn't realized his vision was that powerful. Before she could regain her composure, he blurred. For the briefest of moments his lips brushed her ear. "Much better." He blurred again. Touching her like no one had, he closed his fingers around her left breast, compressing it in a grip that had reduced coal to diamond. A surprising pain wracked the crushed flesh as he bound it with her lasso. He yanked each loop with a strength that had splintered tree trunks, each tighter than the one before. In seconds, her left breast was ballooning. In the moments that it took him to do the same to her right, the first had darkened to lavender-red.

By the time he'd finished, and hovered over her again, both her breasts were crushed at the base by a half-dozen golden loops each. They felt as if they were going to explode, and they'd taken on a plum-purple shade. By Diana's estimate, it had been less than thirty seconds since he'd incinerated her uniform when he shot toward the clouds, the tail of her lasso held firmly in his grasp. Before she could move, the golden rope coils snapped tight. He all but tore her breasts from her chest as he yanked her by them bodily into the air. She recovered as quickly as she could, flying in a desperate attempt to match his speed and relieve the pressure of faster than sound flight on her chest. She had never been as fast as he, and he slung her around by her blue breasts like a wild child dragging a pull toy.

Kal never gave her enough time to regroup. Instead of flying with any predictability, he changed course on a whim just as she'd formulate a plan. Tugging ruthlessly on the rope, he'd send her twisting and spinning in one direction or the other. Twice, he teased her by slowing in mid-flight so her momentum carried her past him. His hands came around from behind her, closing on her breasts, squeezing them so the tight flesh of her stretched nipples loosened, letting him tweak while his lips brushed her neck. Then he would spank her bare

rear with enough power to sting and leave a mark, only to veer and yank again.

The hypersonic flight lasted but minutes, ending finally in some lush South American outback. Before she could fully adjust to being on stable ground, he had uncoiled the lasso from her breasts and stretched her on her back, binding her wrists above her head to a tree that was easily hundreds of years old. It was maddening how simply he was able to keep her confined. She spread her legs and pushed her feet against the turf, arching her back, fighting against her lasso and stretching the last of the throbbing from her chest.

Giving up for the moment, she looked back and saw him watching her, his focus sharpening at her unwitting breast thrust. She became acutely aware that her nipples would likely cut diamonds, pushed out as hard as they were. She also became aware of the warm breeze as it blew between her spread legs, cooling the dampness there. She watched as he floated toward her, his eyes traveling up and down her body. He bent over her, confidence surrounding him like an aura, and once again brushed fingertips of steel across her granite nipples.

"About a decade ago, Perry White had me do some research into Metropolis' pornography industry. He thought it might be good for me to see the "darker side" of the city. It wasn't anything compared to Gotham City's of course, but you know Perry."

He caught the bud of super-flesh between his thumb and finger, crushing and twisting, watching intently as her nipple shifted in his grasp. "You'd be amazed at how much demand for breast torture there wasâ€|" He stood, red cape rustling, and seemed to peer off into the distance. "Be right backâ€|"

And he was right back, mere seconds later, carrying a crude pot of some kind. He'd probably made it by hand in the interim. She could feel the heat from inside the small cauldron as he hovered over her, his red-booted feet only inches above her naked belly.

"Hot wax torture always looked like fun. But plain wax wouldn't do much for you, would it, Diana?"

Her eyes widened as he tipped the pitted iron container. Molten magma, crusted black at the top, poured like glowing molasses in a stream toward her right breast. She thought for a second of twisting, dodging aside. They both knew that being bound only at the wrist may have kept her from escaping, but it didn't keep her from moving. Instead, she gave in to an impulsive desire she'd never admit to him and thrust her chest forward, closing the distance between her breasts and the lava by several inches, giving him exactly what he wanted.

His aim precise, the melted rock struck the very tip of her nipple and flowed like liquid caramel down its sides. Heat created at the very center of the Earth seared flesh hardened by the gods of old and spread like the lava it was over her areola. Though she'd been exposed to extreme temperatures in the past, those parts of her that were the most sensitive had always been protected behind the armor of her suit. She bit back a cry and felt tears fill her eyes as the magma spread down her breast. Even the magic of the gods couldn't completely protect her from the heat of creation. It was, after all

what she'd been made of.

As he spilled a trail of lava across her chest to the other breast, the rock cooled on the first nipple, solidifying like wax would have on a mortal. She peered up at him and saw that his reaction was just as human. She wondered absently why she'd never noticed how easily his suit showed his excitement. She'd seen the same reaction thousands of times in thousands of humans, and even in a few meta-humans, but never in him. Given the heat that was building elsewhere in her, heat that had nothing to do with being dribbled with magma, she had to admit that his reaction wasn't at all displeasing.

Before he tipped the crucible again, he stared into it. The familiar hot ripple distorted the air and she heard a wet sizzling. The liquid that fell was white hot. For one of only a handful of times in her life, she screamed. Then she thrashed, trying to shake the burning rock from her breast. The brief sense of eroticism she'd felt evaporated, probably with the outer layer of her skin. She thanked the gods that her magical protection healed her almost as quickly as the super-heated lava had enveloped her nipple.

But that kind of pain wasn't something she'd willingly tolerateâ€”as she had everything else he'd done until then. The ring had to go.

It was well known that Kal's cape, and less often his skintight uniform, was not nearly as invulnerable as his flesh. She hoped the ring fared the same under attack. "Kal, your hands."

He paused, a brow raised, and looked at his hands.

"Rub the lava on them. At least let me feel your fingers behind the heat."

His grin was almost evil, but he wasted no time in discussion. He formed a scoop with his right hand and immersed it in the lava. She heard the same wet sizzle as the moisture on his skin fried away. Before he removed his hand, dripping with yellow, she could tell from the look on his face that there was a higher concentration of goldâ€”and red kryptoniteâ€”boiling in the mixture.

His eyes grew suddenly wide, and a look of heartbreak transformed his face. "Oh, my God! Diana!"

His first memory was of his biological mother, Lara Jor-el, slowly lowering him into the small ship that would be his home in hibernation for six years. She had a beautiful voice. Soft, sad, reluctant, resigned. He later remembered her face, but it was the voice that echoed his first impression of beauty.

His fondest memory was of his adopted mother, Martha Kent, and the pride in her eyes the day he'd flown home after saving Lois Lane from the crashing helicopter, the day he'd been hired by Perry White at The Planetâ€”the day he'd become Superman for all the world to know. There were other fond memories of Martha and Jonathan Kent, but this one had always kept him strong.

His most poignant memory was of his first love, Lana Lang, at the Smallville bus depot, and their last kiss before he left to find his destinyâ€”and she stayed behind to continue hers. She'd cried, not

for the first time for him, or for others that had left her behind from the same spot. There were many other memories of the young auburn-haired woman, but that particular memory would never be replaced.

His best memory was of his life's love, Lois Kent. She'd been Lois Lane then, and he'd already loved her for years. It was the night that she finally admitted that Clark Kent meant more to her than Superman—the night he had first made love. Of course, he had seen others. X-ray vision in an adolescent was a gift and a curse. Seeing her with the naked eye, waiting for him, in his bed, awkwardly touching, kissing, and more, afraid that she would break, burned a vision of beauty into his memories he'd never forget.

His worst memory was of his unrequited love, Diana, Wonder Woman, and it was as fresh as the South American air that they breathed. Kal-El looked down at the Amazon woman beneath him, crafted of clay from the fires of earth and given life by beings called gods. The vision of her breasts, so recently bound by his own hands until they were an unnatural purple, was as fresh as if they still shone violet. He watched, dazed, as she shook her breasts, trying to break the hardened rock from their tips. He knew immediately that yet another woman had found her way into his hall of memories.

Diana's eyes met his and followed his gaze back to her breasts, just settling from a particularly hard shake. The pumice still held. Smiling just slightly, she somehow managed to adopt her regal demeanor despite her circumstances. Her voice-strong, yet oddly soft-seemed to slap him. "Kal, it's O.K."

He looked from her chest to the crucible, half filled with cooling magma, then at the rock that baked on her nipples, then back into the molten glow. She could tell that he was recalling the flight, his actions. He almost dropped it. His feet hit the ground hard.

"It was the ring, Kal."

He seemed to recovering just a touch of dignity as he took a step back and blew hard into the pot. His breath froze the air, and frost chilled the crucible's lip. Moments later, he flung the frozen pot away. She estimated it hit the ocean at least 100 miles away. Dropping to his knees, he reached quickly for the magic rope that bound her wrists. For a second, she thought she'd never seen him look as broken, but she recalled the days after his wife's death. This Man of Steel didn't look broken now. He looked crushed.

She twisted, moving her wrists aside to stop him. "Not there." She nodded toward her encrusted nipples. "There."

He froze, his hands half-clenched, and looked back at her breasts as if they were made of green kryptonite. If it hadn't seemed so imperative to find a way to restore him, she might have laughed at his response. She knew that Lois had been the only woman in his life, and despite his human wife's inner strength, she'd have never survived what he was capable of. Even if he had held back, paced himself, as he must have done, Diana doubted Clark Kent would have suggested anything remotely harmful—though she would bet that Lois Lane would have been game. Despite the fact that the "news article" he'd mentioned had obviously planted thoughts years before, he'd suppressed them, just as he'd suppressed so many other urges, both

good and not as good, over the decades. Just as she had.

"They burn, Kal. Cool them." They didn't really burn any longer, but he didn't have to know that. He needed guidance, motivationâ€"not explanation.

"Dianaâ€"|"

She arched her chest and winced, emphasizing a pain she hadn't really felt since nanoseconds after she'd been scalded. Superman pursed his lips and blew. His cold breath cut through the air, looking much like fast-motion cirrus clouds splitting the sky. It frosted her nipples the second it struck them, and the whole of her breasts tightened into gooseflesh. The pumice cracked as if it had had been steeped in permafrost. Hesitantly, he reached out and closed his fingers, crushing the soft rock crust with his fingertips. The grit of the brick-red sand abraded her nipples and teased them even harder.

He quickly brushed the lava sand away and then reached again for the rope. Again, she twisted the knots from his reach.

"No sense in wasting the momentâ€"| Kal. There had to have been a reason for what you did. Tell me more about that article."

His eyes widened and for a second she could have sworn his cheeks had turned red. It would have been just like him.

"Diana, Iâ€"|"

"You want to do this. We both know how that rock affects you. It wasn't Power Woman or Kara that you brought here." Wonder Woman took a deep breath and let her knees spread. "You know why you chose me. The entire world knows. Maybe destiny finally calls, Kal-El."

Diana knew that Kal had tried to deny his destiny since he'd learned of his heritage while still a teen. In some large part, he'd succeeded. Avoiding his biological father's holographic admonitions to rule and conquer, Superman had, instead, become a force for freedom and good. Diana could all but see the tension and embarrassment flow from him. His hands slid up her sides until they found her breasts again. The leer was gone, replaced by some cross of passion, tenderness, and surrender. It was the first time in her life she'd heard the Man of Steel stammer.

"I, ahâ€"| I don't guess a bullwhip would work, would it?"

They'd moved quickly, almost feverishly, desperate to hold the mood and take advantage of what little time they had before the demands of their fate caught up to them. For the moment, they were alone, kilometers above the ionosphere.

In her lifetime, Diana could have counted on half her fingers the number of times she'd felt anything beyond the barest flickering of pain. Thanks to a meta-human biology that reacted within a nanosecond to the firing of any pain receptors by kicking her magical invulnerability into gear, sensations any more substantial than a benign touch seldom passed through the protection that she drew from the Earth.

Gaea, they called it. It sustained her in the same way that the sun

did him. They called his yellow sun, Sol. Humans had names for everything. Although they were still close enough to Mother Earth that she was able to maintain a tenuous hold on her daughter, Diana's powers were slowly fading. As a rule, she never let that happen. This time, she'd bet on it when she suggested the satellite.

His movement brought her back from her endorphin haze just before barbed wire strands wrapped upward around the underside of her left breast, tearing back across ivory skin barely protected by failing magic. A blow that would have shredded the flesh of any mortal left only another set of livid red scratches that stung with a sharp rending agony of a tiger's claw, or at least what she'd been told a tiger's claw felt like.

The brutal sting coursed through her breasts and through her belly, joining the constant rush of pain that enveloped her backside from having been whipped thoroughly until just now. Wonder Woman's heart pounded, and she relished the sensations. She hung, panting, in space. Completely naked, he had bound her spread-eagled by her wrists and ankles between two transceiver antennas that stuck out below the Justice League satellite. Of course, "below" was subjective, given that they floated in the vacuum of space just outside of the Earth's atmosphere.

Superman, clad only in skin, hovered in front of her. Even were it not for his obvious show of excitement, the look in his eyes made her feel even more golden, more regal, more priceless, than she ever had before. Closing her eyes, she didn't see him reach out, but she heard her own sharp exhalation as it was transmitted through the radio communication bud when his hand cupped the bottom of her right breast, lifting it. She heard her raspy breath through the miniaturized speaker when his fingers closed and rolled her nipple. She opened her eyes just long enough to see him watching his hand and the movement of her flesh with an almost abject reverence.

He kissed her, hard, deep, and long enough for her to feel a weakness in her legs she had seldom known. He gave her just enough time to close her eyes again before letting her breast float from his hand as he wafted backward and brought the makeshift cat-o-nine tails back across the mound's scored tip. As the thorny wires connected, he drew the barbed strands in a sliding blow across her nipples. Her breasts swept to one side, bouncing wildly. There was no gravity to pull them down and nothing to stop their movement until the next blow. They had been bouncing almost non-stop for over an hour, either from his blows or from the bucking of one orgasm or another.

They'd only had to stop once, long enough for him to re-wire and weld one of the antennae back into place after a particularly spectacular release on her part. He had yet to have an orgasm himself, but she had every intention of paying him back. Not that she thought he minded.

She watched as he let himself shift lower then slowly rose, letting the palms of his hands slip up her thighs and around to her bottom. He brought his fingertips around through black curls never before parted by human male fingers, then up across the slight ripple of her belly, finally stilling her bouncing breasts. She realized absently that the tiny beads of crimson floating away into the absolute zero of space was her blood, frozen the moment it trickled from her tiger-barbed wounds.

She shut her eyes again as he brought his mouth back to hers. She kept them closed while his lips trailed down the side of her neck so she could better experience the feel of his teeth and lips as they closed hard into her areola. He scraped steel teeth backward and bit harder, holding the very tip in a metal-bending grip until her hips rolled involuntarily and her throaty, wanting moan echoed through their radio link. As if reading her thoughts, Kal smiled a soft, sensuous, playfully wicked smile. For a second he flickered, moving from the slow motion of weightlessness into hyperspeed and back.

When he floated whole in front of her again, he held a reinforced rubber hose pinched off at one end. It ran back up into the newly shredded titanium satellite shell. Two arcing cables, also torn from the satellite, danced nearby. Various chunks and splinters of titanium debris spun away from a crushed conduit. Without a word she smiled, tightened her breasts and thrust them forward. Kal released the pressure of his fingers, letting liquid sodium-potassium alloy coolant spray from the pressurized hose onto her breasts. It remained liquid barely long enough to cling to the two mounds before freezing solid in the negative 459 degree absolute zero of space.

She hadn't actually expected to feel the difference given that her skin had been exposed to the same temperature anyway, and was surprised at the chill that hardened her already pert nipples. It was the first time that her areola had been so tight that they hurt.

Smiling at her, he ran his fingers over the creviced tips of her breasts then moved in close, settling his granite thigh between her legs so that she rode him like a sawhorse. The combination of the tight pain in her nipples and the new pressure between her legs was enough to begin another climax by themselves, but then he reached out and captured the bouncing electrical cables. As the throes of another climax took her, he brought the ends of the cables together behind her right nipple, crushing her areola between them.

50,000 volts arched white hot through the flattened fold of flesh, melting the frozen metal alloy that covered it. Her earsplitting scream surprised them both, but before she could separate the sweet agony that sparked through her breast from the intense pleasure that soaked her loins, two primary-colored streaks of light plowed into her naked consort, driving him from her and through the bottom of the satellite.

She slapped the sparking cables aside and tried to follow his trajectory, but she was distracted by a familiar green glow as it enveloped her and became solid. A large green, glowing facsimile of a blanket wrapped around her, warming her cooling skin and covering her regal nakedness. While Green Lantern concerned himself with her modesty, Captain Marvel moved in with the speed of Achilles and removed the magical ropes from her wrists.

All of this happened before she could cry, "No!" Not that any of them could have heard.

While Superman was driven backward ahead of the blind fury of Power Woman, Supergirl pulled a mid-space loop and came blazing back at him, arms back and knee forward, readying for another full-force

pounding. Though he still seemed bewildered, Wonder Woman had no choice but let the floundering Man of Steel fend the two women off while she dove for the atmosphere and Gaia's regenerating touch. In her weakened state, the heat of re-entry actually hurt, and her bare, battered breasts took the full burning assault of atmospheric friction. In less than sixty seconds she regained the powers she'd voluntarily trimmed, and turned, fully healed, to speed back toward the satellite.

As well-meaning as she knew her friends were, she was furious, and she wasted no time holding back. Just as they'd caught Kal off guard, Wonder Woman came up beneath both women of steel and wrapped her fingers into their capes. They were registering on American radars as hypersonic incoming bogies before they knew what had happened. By then, Wonder Woman turned, twisting into a standing hover between the recovering Man of Steel and several Justice Leaguers, all stunned at her reaction—and her appearance. She briefly considered folding her arms across her chest, but chose instead to pose, legs spread and fists clenched beside her, every inch the image of the naked fury she felt.

As seasoned as they were, the only one of the five who wasn't having a hard time gawking was Bruce, sheathed in one of Lantern's safe green shells. He'd seen enough beautiful naked women in his day; another one wasn't going to distract him. It was he that had the presence of mind to tap his communication bud with the tip of a finger. After the short static crackle that let them all know the frequency had changed, his voice echoed in all their ears.

His tone was as dry as the Mojave, and tinged with an irritated sarcasm. It was apparent what he thought of their timing. "Sorry, are we interrupting?"

The look that transformed the faces of Captain Marvel and Green Lantern blunted her irritation at the Batman's dry reprimand. It was evident that they hadn't beaten the detective to the realization that she hadn't wanted rescuing. Kal-El hesitated for only a moment and then started floating protectively forward. Despite his reputation, she saw the gesture for what it was. Superman was blue and red and impervious. Her lover was fighting one of the more embarrassing moments of his existence.

She glanced at him and clasped his hand, holding him back, then looked at the other heroes and raised a haughty brow. "As a matter of fact, yes, you are."

By that time, Power Woman and Supergirl had floated to a stop. The younger of the two was as pink as Captain Marvel. Power Woman, quite used to such things, looked simply amused. Once Batman had accessed their communications link, everyone became privy to the conversation.

Before their defacto leader could continue, Captain Marvel found his baritone voice. "Ah— We've been ordered to bring you back, Superman. By the President."

With a glare, Batman reasserted his control before either Superman or Wonder Woman could react. "And what, exactly, gives us jurisdiction to do that out here, Captain?"

Marvel turned a self-possessed eye toward The Batman, the Solomon in him finally taking over. "We're directly over U.S. Territory, Bruce. You know that. And he did attack the President of the United States. We can't justâ€¦"

"And you know that our satellite was declared sovereign territory almost twenty years ago." Batman glanced over at the two naked super-beings. "Besides, do you really want to go there, Billy?" Seeing several sets of distracted eyes fall on Wonder Woman's space chilled breasts, Batman sighed at their lack of control. "Diana, if you can give us some coordinates, we'll get a radiation trace on the red kryptonite while you twoâ€¦ tie up loose ends. Clark should be pardoned before supper."

Wonder Woman had respected Bruce's cognitive skills for decades, so his deduction that the problem had been caused by red kryptonite came as no surprise. However, his sense of humor, as seldom as it showed, always surprised her. Tired of being leered at, she crossed her arms over her breasts. "I would look about 150 kilometers due west of Nevado del Ruiz."

Batman nodded and gestured toward Supergirl and Captain Marvel. "You two, on it." They left. After a few moments of pregnant silence, so did the others. Green Lantern floated discreetly several hundred yards distance, examining his fingernails while he held Batman's protective shell in place. Once he was certain everyone else had found a way to become scarce, the black-garbed human adjusted a small dial on a radio box, overriding all but three tuners.

Floating closer to the two, he spoke. "Give me four hours to clean this up before you go down."

Feeling suddenly awkward, both Superman and Wonder Woman nodded, stepping on each other's transmission with a simultaneous "Thank you."

"No need to thank me." The Batman started to turn, then paused and took a familiar barbed flogger with several bent tines from the back of his belt. Diana had no idea when he had picked it up. He held the make-shift whip out to the wide-eyed kryptonian. "You might need this." Leaving the Man of Steel gaping, and the whip floating, Bruce Wayne turned and drifted off. The Princess of Themyscira was just thinking she'd gotten off light when he called back over his shoulder. "Oh, and Dianaâ€¦ Nice tits."

End
file.